2-91-32
(MN only)

A POEM

UPON HIS

SACRED MAJESTIES

DISTRESSES,

AND LATE

HAPPY RESTAURATION.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Marriot*, and are to be sold at his shop in
St. *Dunstans* Church-yard, *Fleetstreet*, 1660.

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UPON HIS SACRED MAJESTIES DISTRESSES AND LATE Happy Reſtauration.

Eaſe, Phancie, ceaſe, thus to diſturb my Muſe
With ſtrange *Chymera's*, not for any uſe
But barren ſubjects, or ſome aiery theam,
The iſſue of A *Nonens*, or a Dream,
Which ſcrued up to the moſt tow'ring ſtrain,
Its former *nothing* ſtrait reſumes again:
My Muſe denies to bare one ſcruples right,
Back forty foot, for thou 't a grain too light.

Armes, and the Prince, I ſing, whoſe generous vain,
Pregnant with ſacred purple, knows no ſtain
But that he's *Albions* Prince, which may put on
A title more ſignificant, *Rubicon*.
Nor can the factious Rhetorick of the Times
Noſe forth a *Canting* gloſſe, t' excuſe the Crimes,
The horrid treaſon of a vip'rous Brood
That ſlue their Countries Father, who then ſtood
The Pilot of their Faith; but ſince he fell
Their Faith was ſhipwreckt, and they ſunk to Hell.

Juſt ſo a ſturdie Oake, which climb'd ſo high,
Its *vertex* ſeem'd to gore the *azure* skie,
Through the complaint of an ambitious Brier,
Humbl'd upon the Earth, doth there expire:
But bluſtring *Boreas* through diſtended Cheeks
Empties his Belching lungs, the bramble ſeeks
For ſhelter, as before, but cannot find
Its ſpatious Friend to fan away the wind.

What *Phlegra's* this, whose *Typhon* scales the skies?
Will not such crimes awake Heaven's Deities?
Hath *Ganimedes* (*Nectar* not profuse)
Sophisticated *Jove* with *Lombe's* juice?
Sure jealous *Vulcan*, searching for his Dame,
Doth disappoint the Gods, and lets his flame
Faint for a new supplie.

But, harke what sound!
What horrid object's this! see how the Ground
Blusheth with scarlet, whilst the thundering Gun
Disputes the Businesse, and th' affrighted Sun
Sweats to drive up his steeds: But, *Muse*, declare
What high-sould *Prince* is that, who, thus, doth dare
Doe wonders at each motion? have ye heard
Niles Deep-base *Cataracts*? or the crackling beard
Of domineering flames? heard ye the winds
Break from *Eolian* Caves, whilst *Boreas* finds
Resistance from the foaming brine? his steel
So stormes at every passe, till his foes reel:
Since wonders are so cheap, that every blow
Must be so prodigall, Let Heaven bestow
One on my trembling *Muse*, that she may see
Her Prince's miracles in a *simile*.

———Have ye 'ere seen
A roaring Lion, big with rage, whose spleen
Durst venture on the Gods, when his proud foe
On solitarie *Cliffs*, presumes his Bow
With his dividing steel, sufficient force
To beard his highnesse with, whose voice is hoarce
Already with his boyling rage, whose eyes
Shootforth contracted flame, his shag doth rise,
His tallons all unsheath, whilst a deep groan
(Like *Gorgons* head,) would fright his foe to stone;
But yet the generous Archer speeds amain
His well-taught shafts, though still they light in vain

Upon

Upon his Royall fur: The Rampant King
Unites his furie 'cause he faild a spring,
With open mouth receives the bolder Dart,
First spits it forth, and then his generous heart
Kindles a double flame; his spirits rise,
Dart naught but vengeance from his blazing eyes,
Seizeth his foe, and then his rending paw
Teares up his bosome, for his grinding jaw
To craunch his vanquisht heart: So, just so
Our Royall Lion doth entreat his foe,
With equall courage and with equall flame,
But with unequall starrs, which seems to shame
And make *Olympus* blush: But *Atlas* frownd,
Swore *Heaven* should sink for him to th' *Stygian* sound,
If its more favouring aspect did not look
Upon the just designs; then *Phebus* took
The deep-divining rowles of *Fate*, and read
As great deliverance on my *Soveraign*'s head,
As ever cop'd with danger: thus appeas'd,
Thick-shouldred *Atlas* was again well pleas'd.
Had you been there you might have heard a shout,
A suddain tempest, loud enough to rout
Joves thunder to a whisper; Th' army flyes,
And *Save-the-King* runs Clambering up the skies:
But he, brave soul, rather then think of *save*,
Incircled by the dead, doth court his grave;
Yet is preserv'd, and gone, *Jove* best knows how,
But, by *Joves* favour, I'l goe beat the *bough*.

A stately Pallace 'tis, 'tis large and tall,
My Leidge hath turn'd his *White* to a *Green hall*!
His father *purpl'd* it! the Phancie's rare,
Since *Purple*, *White* and *Green* his Colours are.
But lo the Crescent-crowned Queen of Night
Spangles the double *Poles* with borrowed light,
And decks with wanton rayes her gamesome hair,
Whilst shooting starrs run trick about the Aire;

And

And wonder much to see the sisters looms
Spin a long thread within the struting womb
Of a comsumptive Oake, which had not teem'd
An hundred years before: but yet it seem'd
Latona must be fetcht, though't be in vain,
For now my King's secured by a *Lane*;
A raritie indeed, since when, I'm sure
The *via Regia* nere was thought secure.

——But heark, the Capering brine
Doth call my Muse, to frisk a nimble twine
With it, for joy my *Soveraign* doth daine
T' accept the service of the prouder maine,
Whilst *Zephir'* whispers-forth a softer gail,
Whose wanton sporting swells the pregnant sail;
The furrow break in silver foam all o're,
And straight, the stout Keel plows the *Norman* shore;
Which Ecchoeth welcome, and, repleat with joy,
Doth storm *Olympus* with a *viv' le Roy*:
But fortune still, as various as before,
ventures to dally with his stars once more;
And, as an *Ignis Fatuus* doth climbe
Sometimes aloft, then courts its mother-slime:
So she unconstant paces foots amaine,
First wantons with her flattery, then disdain;
And 'cause the *French*, of all men, sympathize
Her most transcendent rare varieties,
She makes them be the racket that must toss
My *Soveraign* (like a ball,) into a *loss*,
Or band' him to an *hazard*, whilst his foes
Are courted for a league, A rebell *nose*
Makes them forget their honour, and their blood,
For fear it should take snuffe: thus, in the bud
My Princes hopes are nipt, whilst Friends, not men;
First entertain, then turn him out agen.

So have I often seen a greedy *Cur*
To cramb his spacious gut make a great stir,

With

With eager haſte ſwallow the pleaſing bit,
And then at length his paunch diſgorged it.

But now the ſtorm is paſt, the Day is fair,
French complements evaporate to aire,
While th' *Auſtrian* Prince exceedeth *France* as far
As ſubſtance doth a ſhadow, *Sol* a ſtar,
Yet ſtill there doth ſome chequer'd clouds appear,
Like beautie-ſpots, within his *hemiſphear*;
But are diſperſed; and a *Mask*, whoſe hood
Vaild his deſigne, prevents a purple flood;
And by a *Labyrinth* of windings, brings
Phanatick *Guiſtes* up to relliſh Kings:
But now the ſtars with better aſpects crown'd
Diſtill rich influence, and forget they frownd,
The whilſt our Prince doth gradually ſcale
Up Fortunes wheel by ſteps, that doe not fail.

So have I ſeen *Apollo's* radiant eye,
Peeping through *ſable* Curtains of the ſkie,
Firſt powder it with *Argent*, *Or* it next,
And after comment largely on the text,

But then aroſe a grand diſpute, what Fee
The Senat held by; ſome would have it be
Fee-ſimple, but the greater vogue prevail,
And all conclude at laſt it was *Fee-tail*.
At whoſe deceaſe no iſſue did ſucceed,
So the *Reverſion*, as is due, muſt need
Fall to my Soveraign.

But, methinks, I hear
That *Charlemaine* moves in his proper *ſphear*;
Whoſe harmonie exceeds *Apollo's* lire,
Or *Orpheus* cryſtall *ſphears*, though all conſpire
To ravish with their accents. *Plato's* true,
Th' old Realme of *England* is become a new;

'Tis

'Tis its *Platonick* year, then let my soul
Extract the spirits of joy, and crown my bowle
Brimfull with wishes, whilst the Sun keeps time,
And ecchoing shouts do foot the measured rime.
Melpomene no more, come, come, and twine
About our *Olive* merriest of the nine,
And, when thy jolly store is emptied, then
Its *quintescence* extract, and that agen.

Europa's Bull went wading by degrees,
First dipt his golden hooses, anon his knees;
So hath our *Soveraign* done, yet still we see
He is to us, as *Jove* to *Semele*.

Thus have we seen a swelling Cloud arise,
Whose spacious bulk did Lord it o're the skies,
And golden *Phebus* did a Prisoner doom
To the black conclave of it's sooty womb,
But thanks to *Heaven*, a more refulgent beam
Turn'd the Usurper to it's former steam.

And since our glittering *Sun*, with rayes full grown,
On high *Olympus* top hath fixt his Throne,
If any ambitious *meteors* shall appear,
Let them prove *falling-stars* in's *hemisphear*.

By *James Bernard*.

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